

The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1843.

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THE EXPERIENCE.

We find the following in a Methodist paper, selected from the family Companion. The scene is laid in the mountainous region of Georgia. Mr. Forgeron, a blacksmith, had a great antipathy against all ministers, and Methodist ministers especially. His shop was in a narrow mountain pass, and he had declared his determination to whip every Methodist minister that passed his shop. This threat had so often been executed that that circuit was dreaded by the preachers, and it was with some difficulty that one was found to fill it. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, however, readily consented to go there, and the following describes his first ride through the mountains:

Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh what a nize beating he would have! He had heard too that some Methodist preachers were rather high spirited, and hoped that this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing that the clergyman must pass on Saturday, in the afternoon, he gave his strikers a holiday, and reclining on a bench, regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaited the approach of the preacher.

It was not over an hour before he heard the words—
"How happy are they who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above,"
sung in a full clear voice; and soon the vocalist turning in the angle of the rock, rode leisurely up, with a contented smile on his face.

"How are you, old slab sides? Get off your horse and join in my devotions," said the blacksmith.

"I have many miles to ride," answered the preacher, "and haven't time, my friend; I'll call as I return."

"Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent here, eh?"

"My name is Stubbleworth," he replied meekly.

"Didn't you know that my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, what whips every Methodist preacher that goes through this gap?" was asked with an audacious look; "and how dare you come here?"

The preacher replied, that he had heard Forgeron's name, but presumed that he did not molest well behaved travelers.

"You presume so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod whose leather, any how. Well, what'll you do if I don't whip you this time, your beef headed disciple you?"

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable to avoid such penance.

"Well, there's three things you have to do, or I'll mail you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine next to your heart, read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third is, that you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into."

The preacher looked on during these novel preparations without a line of his face moving, and at the end, replied that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

"Well, you have got a whaling to submit to, then. I'll harp you like blazes! I'll tear you into doll rags, corner ways! Get down, you long faced hypocrite."

The preacher remonstrated, and Forgeron walked up to his horse and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount, whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of necessity, and alighted.

"I have but one request to make, my friend, that is, that you won't beat me with this overcoat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn."

"Off with it, and that suddenly, you basin faced imp you!"
The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his surcoat, as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and sect; and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between his eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Tom Paine beside him. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, and bestowed his blows with a bounteous hand, on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continuing his song where he had left off on his arrival at the smithery—
"Tongue cannot express, the sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love,"

until Forgeron, from having experienced "first love," or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily "nough! nough! take him off." But, unfortunately, there was no one by to perform that kind office, except the old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass, and looked on as quietly as his master was "happy" at a camp meeting.

"Now," said Mr. Stubbleworth, "there are three things you must promise me before I let you up."
"What are they?" Asked Forgeron eagerly.

"The first is that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again."

Here Ned's pride rose, and he hesitated; and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows and sung—
"I rode on the sky, freely justified was I,
And the moon it was under my feet."

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith. Such bold figures, or something else, caused him to sing out, "well, I'll do it—I'll do it."

"You are getting on very well," said Mr. Stubbleworth; "I think I can make a decent man of you yet, and perhaps a Christian."

Ned groaned.

"The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkinvine creek meeting house, and hear me preach to-morrow."

Ned attempted to stammer some excuse, "I—I—that is—"

When the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music, striking him over the face with the fleshy part of the hand—
"My soul mounted higher, in a chariot of fire,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat."

Ned's promise of punctuality caused the parson's exercise to cease, and the words, redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

"Now the third and last demand is peremptory. (Ned was all attention to know what was to come next.) 'You are to promise to seek religion, day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer.'"

The fallen man looked at the declining sun, then at the parson, and knew not what to say, when the latter individual raised his voice in a song once more, and Ned knew what would come next.

"I'll do my best," he said, in a humble voice.

"Well, that's a man," said Stubbleworth, "now get up and go down to the spring and wash your face, and tear up Tom Paine's testament, and turn your thoughts on high."

Ned rose with feelings he had never experienced before, and went to obey the lavatory injunction of the preacher, when that gentleman mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand and said, "keep your promise, and I'll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron—I'll look for you to-morrow," and off he rode, with the same imperturbable countenance, singing as loud as to scare the eagles from their eyrie, in the overhanging rocks.

Well, thought Ned, this is a nice business. What would people say if they knew Edward Forgeron was whipped by a Methodist preacher! But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger.

The disfigured countenance of Forgeron was of course the subject of numerous questions that night, amongst his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had met with an accident. Of course, they never dreamed of the cause. Forgeron looked in the glass and compared the changing of his "black eyes from a recent scuffle," to the rainbow ship wreck scene—"bleeding every color into one." Or perhaps he had never read that story—and only muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher!"

His dreams that night were of a confused and disagreeable nature; and waking in the morning, he had an indistinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not recollect the cause of his feelings; but the bruise on his face and body soon called them to mind, as well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence, and went to redeem it.

From that time, his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossip of the neighbors observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent and had gone to meeting every Sunday since the accident. They wondered greatly at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulating as to the metamorphosis of this jovial devil blacksmith into a gloomy taciturn man. Some supposed, sagely, that a "spirit" had entered him, and that he had "seen" him a glimpse into the future. He seemed to be a "crag," where he had "seen" and bruised his face. Others gave the Prince of Darkness the credit of the change; but none suspected the Methodist preacher, and as the latter gentleman had no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned.

This gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp meeting. The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul, and relieve it of a burden, and the song—
"How happy are they who their Savior obey,"

was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time a "shouting Methodist." At a love feast a short time subsequent, he gave in his experience, and revealed the mystery of his conviction and conversion to his astonished neighbors. The Rev. Simon Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could contain no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of heart felt joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

Yes, my brethren, he said, "it is all a fact. I did mail the grace into his unbelieving soul, there's no doubt."

The blacksmith of the Mountain pass became a happy man and a Methodist preacher.

extra session; and strange to say, both of them have been abandoned by the very same men whose votes secured their enactment eighteen months since!"

The N. Y. Sun too, an able paper, neutral in politics, also says:

"They have spent more days and months in session than any other Congress since the Constitution of the Government was adopted. They have drawn, by many thousands of dollars, from the exhausted purse of the nation, for their pay and mileage, than any of their predecessors. What return have they made the country for all this? Where are the great and important reforms they have effected? Where are the funds they have provided for carrying on the Government? Where is the prosperity they were to scatter far and wide over the land? Where is the commerce which it was their business to protect instead of destroy? Where is the sound and stable currency which they were to give us? Finally, where have been even the efforts or attempts to do anything which the welfare, the honor and interest of the country really demand? We search the records of their proceedings in vain for a satisfactory answer to any of these questions."

"More than two-thirds of the whole period of their official existence has been spent in extra or regular sessions. Their vacations have been little more than long enough to allow them time to go home, and return again, charging mileage both ways. As to what they have done in the way of legislation, it is not necessary to go into details; their acts of commission, as well as omission, have been too plainly and painfully visible to the eyes of the whole country. Weeks after weeks, and months after months have been spent in desperate attempts to trap, embarrass and break down the chief magistracy of the nation. Selfish ambition, sinister projects and political intrigues have stood before and above the interests of the country."

From the Sanitary City Democratic Mirror.

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

For some time past the whigs have been endeavoring to create an impression that there would be a division in the democratic ranks, at the next Presidential election, because the claims of several distinguished members of the party, to the Presidency, have been urged by their respective friends. This has caused an expression of opinion upon the subject by the people at their primary meetings, where any have been held, and by the democratic press pretty generally throughout the country, and the views expressed are such as every true democrat desired and such, we should suppose as will convince our opponents that there is no prospect of the 'house dividing against itself,' and that they may banish from their minds the flattering hopes they have been endeavoring to arouse by the impression that the democratic party is 'tumbling to pieces.' Divided and distracted by faction, as our opponents are with no one principle upon which they agree, and are willing to rally their forces, but that of opposition to the democracy, they cannot have even the shadow of a hope of success unless there is a division in the democratic ranks, and they therefore endeavor to engender distrust, dissatisfaction and disunion, by asserting that it already exists. But this assertion instead of having its intended effect, has operated rather to unite and bind the democracy more firmly together—the friends of each of the distinguished men spoken of as the proper candidate, expressing, in the most unequivocal terms their determination to abide by the decision, and support, with all the influence and energy they can command, the nominee of the national convention, whoever he may be. It is, therefore, with more than ordinary feelings of pleasure that the friend of equal rights contemplates the glorious prospect before him, with every thing to cheer him on, and nothing to cast a shade of gloom over the picture, the political horizon is fast passing away, and he waits impatiently for the time to arrive when the flag of democracy will be planted in triumph in every department of the government.

"In union, there is strength," and while the party is united by the immutable principles of truth, that form the basis of its organization, and all behold themselves in readiness to yield their individual preferences for men, to that which is of more importance, the success of the principles and measures of which we contend, no doubt can be entertained but that our triumph will be complete. And, to use the language of the N. York Evening Post, "there are no grounds for division in the democratic party. There is no conflict of principle among its members. There is no disagreement respecting the measures or the policy to be adopted in the conduct of the national affairs. What else remains is a matter of

THE LATE WHIG CONGRESS—A PORTRAIT BY A WHIG LIMNER.

The N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, one of the most powerful and efficient papers in accomplishing the whig triumph of 1840, takes the following just notice of the character and measures of the late whig Congress:

"CONGRESS.—This body disperse to night; and after two years, leave the country where they found it. Who can look back upon the glorious anticipations of the whole country two years ago to-day, and then reflect upon how little has been accomplished since that period, without experiencing a deep conviction that the people and their best interests have been betrayed by the very men appointed to guard and protect them."

"What has the present Congress accomplished?—Nothing, literally nothing. The great leading measures for which the whigs contended, and which secured the triumph of 1840, were the establishment of a National Bank, the distribution of the proceeds from the sale of public lands, and a general Bankrupt Law. The first of these great measures of relief was defeated by the treachery of John Tyler; the second and third were both passed and became the law of the land, but have since been bartered away by the very men who passed them, in defiance to the mandate of the people. The land distribution bill was abandoned for a hastily conceived and ill digested tariff, and the Bankrupt law—that measure which more than all others caused the whig triumph of 1840—has been repealed by the very men who passed it, in defiance of public opinion, and at the very moment that its beneficial influences were being felt and admitted in every section of the country. This Congress will forever be pointed at as the least entitled to respect of any that has ever assembled under our Constitution. Its leading traits, taking them as a body, are vulgarity, selfishness, treachery, and a disgraceful inconsistency which has called forth the contempt of their constituents. The termination therefore, of its constitutional existence will be hailed with pleasure and satisfaction by the people of all parties."

"First, we have the treachery of John Tyler; next, a portion of those who were deemed honest and honorable men, and true whigs, such as Wise, Cushing, &c. &c., followed in his wake; and finally, a majority of Congress have grossly neglected their duty, and after two years, return to their constituents without having redeemed, practically, a solitary pledge upon which they were elected. Not a solitary measure for which the whigs contended in 1840, has been secured to the country."

"Again we inquire, what have the whigs in Congress accomplished for the country? Of the three great measures for which the people fought and triumphed in 1840, they obtained two during the

individuals. And it is the measures for which the party first contends with an affection stronger than for men. No exertions on the part of our opponents, no temptations of power, or offers of favor, can loosen and cause to waver those thick masses which compose the ranks of the democracy. The entire party appears determined to emulate the example of the gallant tar, who, when asked what captain he was enrolled under, replied—'I have enlisted in the service of my country—I go for her glorious cause and care not for the commander.'"

Editor Bliss, with his accustomed honesty, makes the following statement in the last Atlas.

The democrats in the Legislature "refused to extend the charters of the specie paying banks."

Now for a question of veracity. Upon referring to the vote upon the bill, we find that, in the Senate, it stood—
Yeas—17 democrats, and 10 whigs.
Nays—4 democrats and 2 whigs.

In the House it stood—
Yeas—31 democrats!! 2 whigs!!!
Nays—9 democrats!! 28 whigs!!!

Will friend Bliss brush up his memory a little? When he does, he will find that it was the vote of his whig friends which defeated the bill to extend the charters of specie paying banks. Will he publish this for the benefit of his readers? We predict not.—*Lorain Republican.*

A Warning to Pipe Layers.—We learn by the last Cleveland Plain Dealer, that three individuals have been arrested in that city for voting in two wards at the late annual township election. One of the individuals has been examined before Justice Day, and bound over to answer to the charge before the Court of Common Pleas, in bonds of \$500. The result of the examination of the other two had not transpired. We are gratified to see the pipe-layers thus brought up; and we hope examples will be made of them wherever they shall be found. Thus moral pests upon society and corruptors of the purity of the elective franchise, deserve no sympathy at the hands of the public.—*Norwalk Experiment.*

THE PUBLIC LANDS.

Purchase money received for the sales of Public Lands for thirteen successive years:—

Year	Amount
1830	\$2,433,532 94
1831	2,557,032 76
1832	8,115,379 09
1833	4,071,283 84
1834	7,099,981 05
1835	14,999,804 11
1836	25,187,853 06
1837	7,007,623 04
1838	4,305,564 64
1839	7,464,566 78
1840	2,889,737 23
1841	1,463,354 00
1842 first 3 quar.	1,079,366 90

\$84,455,946 83

LYING TO CHILDREN.

We believe that one reason why the world is so given to lying, is that parents in the management of their offspring, pay so little regard to the strict truth. The extract which follows, may be read with profit by not a few.

"Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to get them to do anything which is disagreeable. If a child is to take physic, the mother tells him she has something good to drink; if he refuses, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once, and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards. Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children by making promises they never intend to perform. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. The child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such inconvenience can be to the parent."

RHODE ISLAND.—The Whigs have carried the State certain—majorities vague and indefinite.

REVOLTING MURDER.

The New Orleans Picayune of Friday, gives the particulars of a most horrible murder, which, for the sake of humanity, we hope is not true:

A man by the name of Stewart, residing at Cypress Bend, Ark., just above Columbia, was some time since robbed of a negro, by, as he supposed, some wood-chopper of the vicinity. The circumstances, it seems, threw him into a violent rage, and failing to catch the thief or recover his negro, he swore that his dogs should eat up the first wood-chopper that ever again ventured upon his ground!

Only a few days since some poor wretch of a wood-chopper stopped at Stewart's door about night-fall, requesting the shelter of the roof till morning. Stewart admitted him, and soon after let in upon the man a parcel of savage young pups, securing the door against his egress.

These, however, the poor wood-chopper managed to keep at bay, upon which Stewart turned in his full grown dogs, urging them to rend and tear the unhappy man to pieces. Driven to desperation, the poor wretch for some time kept off even these; when, like a very fiend in human form, Stewart rushed in with his gun and shot down the stranger. The remainder of the story is almost too revolting for pen to write or eye to read. The demon Stewart actually kept his oath!—It is given to us in veritable relation that ere life was yet extinct, the ravenous dogs flew to their horrid repast and tore the unfortunate man limb from limb!

Stewart instantly fled, and a reward of \$1,000 is offered for his apprehension; part by the Governor of Arkansas, and part subscribed by the citizens of Columbia. The neighbors found the bones of the poor wood-chopper scattered about and picked clean by the ferocious dogs.

The above is confirmed by a Helena Ark., paper.

THE DECISION IN THE MACKENZIE CASE.

Some of the papers are stating that Capt. Mackenzie was honorably acquitted meaning that the decision was unanimous. So far from this being the case, the court stood seven that the charges were proved, and against Mackenzie, and five that they were not, and consequently, in his favor. By the rules and regulations of the navy, all sentences of Courts Martial, which will extend to the loss of life, require the concurrence of two-thirds of the members. As the court convened for the trial of Mackenzie consisted of twelve members, (Capt Smith having been excused, in consequence of sickness,) it required a vote of 8 to 4 to convict him; so that the strange anomaly was produced, that a minority of 5 against 7 caused an acquittal, instead of the discharge of the court on account of their disagreement, as would be the result of a criminal trial before a jury, when another trial must be had. Capt. Mackenzie stands in this position—that seven of his brother officers out of twelve deemed him guilty of the charges of hazing three men without law, and of cruelty and oppression. The President, instead of 'approving' the usual form, it is said 'confirmed' the proceedings. Upsher was the only Cabinet officer in favor of Mackenzie.

Phil. Ledger.

EARLY RISING.

A late will, makes the following provision:—"As my nephews are fond of indulging in bed of a morning, and as I wish them to improve the time while they are young, I direct that they shall prove to the satisfaction of my executors, that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business, or taken exercise in the open air, from 5 o'clock till eight every morning, from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day; and from seven o'clock till nine in the morning, from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning for two years; this to be done for some two years during the first seven years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may remove them in case of illness, but they must not be made up when they are well, and if the will not do this they shall not receive any share of my property."

An inquisitive country gentleman thus accosted a boy, who was tending a lot of pigs:

"Boy, whose pigs are those?"

"The old sow's sir, was the prompt reply."

"Well, then, whose sow is it?"

"Father's."

"Well, well, who is your father?"

"If you will mind the pigs, I will run and ask mother."